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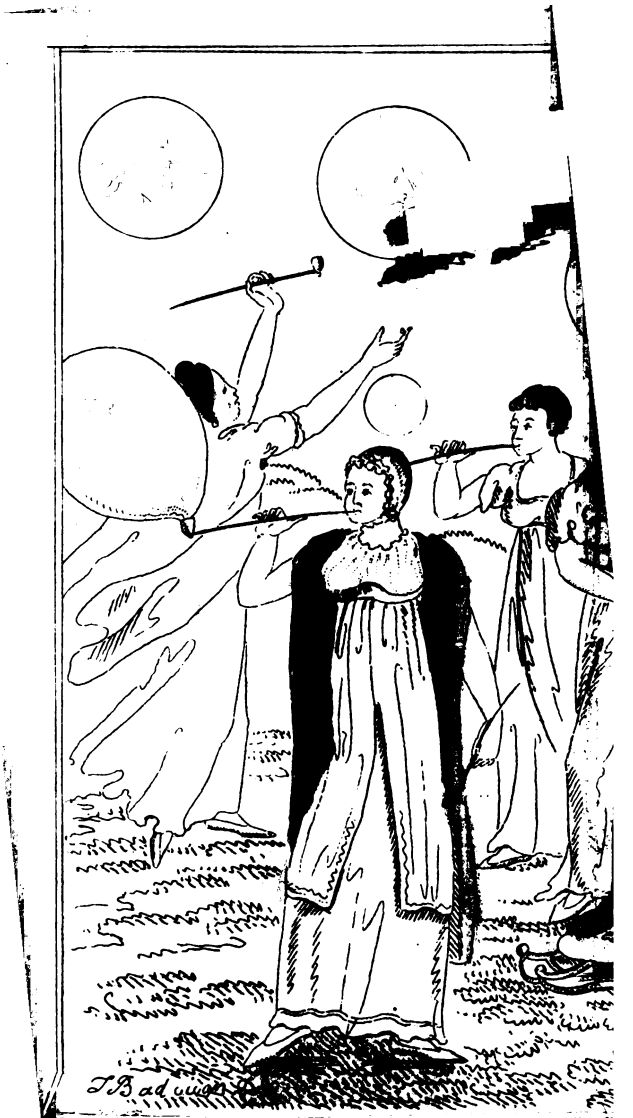
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THE

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A NEW MUSICAL DRAMA;

BEING A PARODY ON

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,

AS LATELY ACTED, WITH UNIVERSAL ECLAT, AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, GLYSTER PLACE;

WITH

HINTS FOR A MASQUERADE JUBILEE,

ON A GRAND SCALE.

BY CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"Like thieves, surpris'd whilst they divide the prize,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies."

D'AVENANT.

VOL. III.

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REVERSION-MONGERS.

" Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd,
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool."

ARMSTRONG.

" To be concerned for a family," observes the facetious Tom Browne, " for children, and things after us, is only proper to a man; a horse never breaks his repose for thinking whether his son will be preferred to the cart or coach." Now, whether, in point of philosophy, Tom means to give the palm to the man, or the horse, is rather dubious, as he draws no conclusion, but leaves his reader to judge for himself. If we may draw an in-

ference, however, from the providence of the Grenvilles, Percevals, Wellesleys, and even the Castlereaghs, (who disdain the improvidence of their Houyhnm brethren, although they panegyrize their fitness for campaigns) the preference is by far on the side of the human animal. The enjoyment of the good things of this world for their own lives is so insufficient a recompence for their *astonishing abilities*, and the *services* derived from them to this *happy country*, that they must secure the reversions of from £20,000 to £50,000 a year to each of their respective families for two or three generations to come. Sweet, amiable, paternal, fraternal, and kindred love! But we would ask those *provident gentry*, whether they do not think that mankind in general are possessed of the same amiable feelings, and whether it can be pleasing to them, or in any degree reconcileable with propriety, that their posterity should be empoverished to pamper the pride of a few overgrown robbers; unless, indeed, these *gentry* will engage (of which, however,

there are not the smallest hopes of their performance) to leave the country in so flourishing a state, that, during the enjoyment of their reversions, it shall need no man of business, who will as naturally look for some remuneration as themselves, and, as we believe the whole country will agree with us, cannot deserve it less. The amiable *young fry*, to whom these reversions are secured, may be ideots; but, were they to be blessed with genius, they would not look upon the rewards bestowed on the *wonderful deeds* of their ancestors, as a payment for their own exertions. Some new burthens must therefore be laid upon the public, unless a pestilence should carry off some of their *incubi*, or (which Heaven avert!) some new revolution should play the wet sponge, and wipe off all again. Public offices were never intended to be granted in reversion; they are deposits of public property in the hands of the crown, to be bestowed on meritorious individuals for services rendered to the state. Now, can one of these reversion mongers

stand forward, and assert without blushing, that his services merit even the place he holds in *possession!* We do not think lord Castlereagh himself could outface it. They do not rest the point on their merits; but, on Mr. Bankes's motion for restraining all such reversionary grants in future, they bellowed him down, as intending an infringement on the royal prerogatives.

No such thing! Mr. Bankes and those who supported his motion, are the real supporters of the royal prerogative, and Mr. Perceval and those who, like himself, hold, or hope to receive reversionary grants, are the underminers of the throne. If the king knew the truth, he would abhor them. Gloze the picture as you may, this is its true light. The king is in the situation of a good-natured, easy man of large landed property, who, being surrounded by a parcel ear-dropping scrubs, grants them leases for three lives of the best parts of his estate; so that when his son comes to inherit after him, he has nothing left for benevolence,

scarcely sufficient for subsistence. He must pass through life without dignity and respect, even from those very persons who fatten on his spoils.

What must the prince of Wales, or whoever may be the next possessor of the crown, think, when he has occasion to reward some future Nelson, Abercrombie, or Moore, or their descendants, to be told that he has not the means, all the appointments having been pre-engaged by the Percevals, Wellesleys, Castlereaghs, &c. If he should be disposed to doubt the validity of such grants *in future*, and to *nonentities* at the time of the grant, the public would think he was strictly just, if not, strictly legal, in so doing. If the case were stated in this manner, which is the strict sense of it, to his majesty, there would be no occasion, we are persuaded, to bring the matter before parliament again; the king would never put his sign manual to another reversionary grant to the prejudice of his heir, of the crown, and of the country.

A desire to provide for his family was as natural to Mr. Hamlin as to Mr. Perceval; yet the one was punished for a mere private overture to purchase a place, at the instigation of the other, who has openly avowed a traffic in them! What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—should be so, at least; but, says the same Tom Browne, "it is a jest to think that those, who have power, will not take care to support themselves against all that attack them." When Mr. Madocks charged Mr. Perceval, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Henry Wellesley with trafficing for a seat, the ministerial tools and rotten borough-mongers vociferated:—"A stand! a stand! it is high time to make a stand against popular encroachment." Now we say that it has been long high time, was then high time, and is now high time, to put a stop to corruption, peculation, venal patronage, and petticoat influence! We will now give Mr. Perceval a *case in point*. Junius has a letter to the duke of Grafton, on an affair exactly parallel in every bearing to that of Hamlin:

A Mr. Samuel Vaughan made an offer to his grace of £5,000 for procuring his son the reversionary grant of clerk of the crown in the island of Jamaica, for which offer his grace caused him to be prosecuted. Now we have only to let Junius speak for himself, and the comment must be obvious.

"To His Grace the Duke of Grafton.

"My Lord,

"Though my opinion of your grace's integrity was but little affected by the coyness with which you received Mr. Vaughan's proposals, I confess I gave you some credit for your discretion. You had a fair opportunity of displaying a certain delicacy, of which you had not been suspected; and you were in the right to make use of it. By laying in a moderate stock of reputation, you undoubtedly meant to provide for the future necessities of your character, that, with an honorable resistance upon record, you might safely indulge your genius, and

yield to a favourite inclination with security. But you have discovered your purposes too soon, and, instead of the modest reserve of virtue, have shewn us the termagant chastity of a prude, who gratifies her passion with distinction, and prosecutes one lover for a rape, while she solicits the lewd embraces of another."

Oh, Mr. Perceval! again Mr. Perceval.

After giving a specific instance wherein his grace had "*basely set up the royal patronage to auction*," which we shall parallel with Mr. Madocks's charge, and Mr. Perceval's unequivocal confession, the letter goes on thus:—"Your cheek turns pale, for a guilty conscience tells you, that you are undone. Do you dare to prosecute such a creature as Vaughan, while you are basely setting up the royal patronage to auction? Do you dare to complain of an attack upon your own honor, while you are selling the favours of the crown, to raise a fund for cor-

rupting the morals of the people? And do you think it possible such enormities should escape without impeachment? It is indeed highly your interest to maintain the present House of Commons. Having sold the nation to you in gross, they will undoubtedly protect you in the detail; for while they patronize your crimes, they feel for their own.

JUNIUS."

There's a *precedent* for you, Mr. Perceval! We will venture to assert, that if you could have forseen what Col. Wardle and Mr. Madocks were about to bring to light, the world would not have heard any thing about that poor simpleton Hamlin, the tinman, nor have had your *termagant*, *prudish chastity* foisted upon them. What could you think of yourself, when you were lugging that fool into court, when with his letter in one hand, you were paying money *for corrupting the morals* of the people with the other?

Hide your diminished head! We do not give you credit for modesty enough to make

an apology to the poor fellow after your o detection ; but, by all the little which ourselves possess, had we been in Hamli place, we would have required it of yc and if he has paid any fine, called upon y for a remittance of the amount.

In any new dictionary of the Engl language, *Perceval* and *Prudery* should synonimous.

But to proceed with our subject :—' will now find two notorious *precedent cases in point*, Mr. Perceval—where imp dent grants of the crown have proved fata the weak and wicked monarchs who gran them, and to their rapacious favourites grantees. The prodigality of Edward having reduced the crown to poverty, parliament stripped Gaveston, the kir favourite, of immense grants which he l made to him, and passed a law, that crown lands should not be alienated; t being, according to Spelman, *sacrum pa monium*, an unalienable inheritance; not demesne of the king, but the demesne of

crown, and from which he was to maintain only his household and kingly dignity.

This law, however, was soon repealed, and a fresh torrent of profusion broke out in favour of the Spencers, which terminated at length in the death of the king. Richard II. trod in the very same steps, and met with the very same unhappy end.

We will now find another *precedent* of an honest lord chancellor, which we would recommend as a rule for the future conduct of lord E—— whilst he shall be in office. Scrope, the chancellor in the second Richard's reign, boldly and honestly refused to set the seal to the king's grants to his minions, nor would he surrender it to any, but into the king's own hands, who accordingly came in person, and deprived him of his office.

And now we are upon the score of recommending rules of conduct, we may, with the strictest propriety, recommend to lord Castlereagh a little attention and good manners towards his *worthy masters*, the public, who pay such immense sums to support him and

his nine *official relations*, or rather, *relations in office*, for their services, or supposed services. As every person should know why he *stands corrected*, we will give his lordship a reason.

On the day that the news arrived of Sir Arthur Wellesley's defeat of Joseph Buonaparté, who, by the by, we imagine to have been an abler lawyer's clerk than a general, it was rumoured about the Exchange that there were some news in town. About twelve o'clock, the people began to assemble about the Mansion House, in the *very reasonable expectation* that some communication had been made to the lord mayor; but he knew no more than themselves. At two, the Tower guns fired, (another £500 out of the public pocket) and still nothing transpired. The lord mayor then dispatched a messenger to lord Castlereagh's office, who returned with an answer and the account of the victory at *half past four!* As things are, it was very well any answer was sent.

Do, my lord Castlereagh, excuse the liberty

of such an obscure creature as *ourselves*, if we presume to approach humbly your high, mighty, puissant, and, what is far beyond all, *disinterested* self, and ask you a question:—Pray, my lord Castlereagh, do your masters pay you and your nine relations in office for nothing, and do you really imagine that *Englishmen* have no concern whatever in the *affairs of England*, that you should treat them thus scurvily? Remember that my lord mayor, the common council, and the good citizens of London are not *Irish horses*. We know not what my lord mayor thought of your conduct; but, if we were ever to be lord mayor, and any secretary, though a man of your vast genius and abilities, were to treat us so cavalierly, by G—! he should never wipe a greasy chin at a *civic fête* during our mayoralty.

We shall now recommend in general to all those who are in office, and not adequate to the duties of it—to resign; to those who receive the public money for doing little or nothing, to contribute all, that may be over

and above the value of their services, towards the relief of the public burthens; and lastly, we recommend this, *our present* work, to the perusal and attention of all of them, hoping it may mend them—worse it cannot make them. *Valete et plaudite!*

THE BOY AND GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS.

There was a little boy, and he had a little goose,
And the little goose laid little eggs of gold;
The foolish little boy kill'd his golden little goose,
And his *avarice* made the little boy—*catch cold.*

CHURCHMEN.

"Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
He shall well pass for a cathedral doctor."
JOHNSON'S VOLPONE.

TOM BROWNE tells us that, "though ignorance is none of the best qualifications for one that sets up for director of others, yet it is better we should have a few ignorant *parsons*, than our parishes have none to look after them;" and he gives us the following whimsical and right reverend authority for it:—"My lord D——— asked a certain bishop in the late reign, why he conferred orders upon so many blockheads?—'Oh! my lord,' replies he, 'it is better the ground should be ploughed by *asses*, than lie untilled.'"—How many asses *Mistress Clarke* has turned into the spiritual ground, we cannot tell, but we know that not one-tenth part of the

ground, which is paid for, is properly tilled. It has mightily astonished the ignorant, who are the never failing dupes of priests, that archbishops, bishops, deans, prebends, and doctors in divinity, should knuckle to prostitutes for promotion; but every one, who reads and studies history, knows that it has seldom been otherwise with them.

But before we proceed farther, let us premise that it is not *religion itself*, but the *trade of religion*, of which we must understood to speak; so let us have fair play for it.

In the first century of the Christian æra, the chief weapons with which the then David, *Christianity*, assailed the Goliath, *Paganism*, were the virtues of the primitive professors, their care of their reputation, and the morality of the fathers, all of them essential articles in attracting public notice, and fixing the public esteem on a new and obscure sect; for such were the Christians many years after the death of their master. Their rigid tenets were regarded by all the higher classes as *unfashionable*. The sect being

confined, therefore, to the poorest classes, their virtues were more secure behind the ramparts of ignorance and poverty. The shield, which they used for defence, was no less admirably adapted to ward off persecution, by taking away every ground of jealousy. They professed to be dead alike to the business and pleasures of the world, and of course to ambition. When their numbers increased, so as to give some rise to apprehension, it came out, upon an imperial order issued throughout all the provinces to inquire into their tenets and morals, that they were the most harmless and self-denying people in the universe. Christianity, on these accounts, slid on into manhood, before it was yet suspected to be in its infancy; and when its strength was more apparent, it occasioned little dread, as, like their master, they declined, rather than sought for the honors of state, or pomp of wealth. But it was not long before they totally lost sight of their divine example, and became the worshippers of *Mammon*. The apostles confined them-

selves to a *disinterested* teaching of the law of Christ, and pretended to no *legislation* over the *purses* of their *hearers*. After them, the societies of different cities, towns, and villages, resembled so many *republics*, united by faith and brotherly love, without distinction of rank; and their pious discourses were the effusions of any of the assembly, who felt, or conceived they felt, the divine impulse. This unrestrained system was, at length, found to be so productive of confusion and dispute, that the sacred function was confined to two descriptions of men, styled *Bishops* and *Presbyters*. Their jurisdiction, at first, was merely of a *spiritual* nature; but it was soon extended to a *superintendency over the fund of the faithful*, and to an adjustment of their disputes without the interference of Pagan authority. On any vacancy, the bishops were chosen by the whole congregation from among the presbyters; and, on any controverted points, it was first a custom, which afterwards settled into a law, for the bishops to assemble in the provincial capital

to settle the point. These meetings were termed *synods*, their decrees *canons*. Here commenced ambition, avarice, and intrigue, too often attended with perjury, blows, and bloodshed. Under the reign of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, we find the bishops claiming from him filial duty and reverence as fathers of the church and ministers of the true God; Ambrose commanded the Cæsar, Theodosius to retire below the rails, and to know the difference between a king and a priest; and, at the table of Maximus, Martin, the bishop of Tours, drank and gave the cup to his presbyter, before he allowed it to be presented to the emperor, whose empress waited on Martin at table. The bishops now claimed to be *censors* of the public morals, and, in that capacity, restrained their excommunications from the heads of the emperors alone. All this respect might have been, perhaps with propriety, paid to a real, or apparent, *saint-like virtue*; but the mask soon fell off when (as was the

case at Sardica, under the emperor *Constans*) two different parties fell to spiritual blows, or in plain English, to damning each other to the lowest pit of hell, as the enemies of the true God. Other *prelatical* vices soon appeared. *Simony* was known and practised at so early a period as the reign of Valerian, when the bishopric of Carthage was purchased by a matron, named Lucilla, for her son Majorinus, with a *douceur* (as it is termed in our *present virtuous* days) of four hundred *folles*, or about £2,500. Paul, metropolitan of Antioch, drove a snug *church-trade*, by extorting contributions from his flock, and converting the public stock to his private uses, one of which was the maintenance of two handsome young women, whom he kept publicly in his palace. But, under the emperor Valentinian, the *joke* grew so *serious*, that almost every private house was in danger of falling from being undermined by *ecclesiastical vermin*. The emperor's edict, addressed to Damasus, bishop

Rome, and publicly read in the churches, admonished the ecclesiastics and monks not to frequent the houses of widows and virgins; and all testamentary gifts of money, valuables, or land, to any persons of the ecclesiastical order, (afterwards extended to bishops and even nuns) were declared void, and the donation was forfeited to the treasury. "I do not complain of this law," says Jerom, "but I lament that we should have *deserved* it."

It is hence apparent, that superstition was the step to fornication and adultery, and thence to the defrauding the natural heirs of families of their inheritances. It is but too well known to be repeated here, that the successors of St. Peter afterwards, and during centuries, extended their rapacity over every kingdom, principality, and state, and affected supremacy over every crowned head in Christendom, until Luther, Calvin, and King Henry VIII. of England, stripped the lion's skin from the *ass*, and Buonaparté has lately degraded it beneath the rank of a *lady's donkey*.

We wish we could say that the *Protestant Church*, when it separated from what it delicately termed, the *Whore* of *Babylon*, had likewise separated from all its vices; but it would be to compliment at the expence of truth. Priests were ever the same—ever tenacious of sway, and, like *parasitical plants*, ever clinging to, and climbing by the more powerful *state-ones*. The *Leviathans* of the *established religion* took special care to swallow up all the *benefices*, and left others to do the duty *from l'amour de Dieu*, and *peu pour le ventre*, which created *internal* grumblings, and schism after schism. England then hurried on towards those dreadful times—

"When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion, as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;

When *gospel trumpeter*, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, *drum ecclesiastic*,
Was beat with *fist*, instead of a *stick*:"

HUDIBRAS.

Huzza, then, for reformation! Every *cobbler's stall* was a *basilica*, every *cooper's tub* or *butcher's block* a *rostrum*, the *canopy of heaven* the only *diocese*, and every *fool* his own *bishop* and *presbyter*. Here again we so much *overstepped the modesty of* RELIGION, that we were glad to retrograde as it were, and compound for a little *intolerant toleration*, or limited *religious* monarchy. In this way we have jogged on, not very like sociable Christians, but, thanks to the civil restraints, with more *ink-shed* than blood-shed, till lately, when Christians of all sects and denominations were astonished to find that, behind the *bed-curtain*, what the *lady* says to her lover, Sir *Hudibras*, of the *omnipotence* of *her sex* over *our weaker one* is very true:

" *We* manage *things* of *greatest weight*
In all the world's affairs of state:
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations as we please:
We rule all *churches*, and their *flocks*,
Heretical and *orthodox*."

HUDIBRAS.

Indeed, it has greatly hurt *us*, *established folks*, to hear the triumph of the *faithful* (as the schismatics, perhaps arrogantly, style themselves) over the *fallen* (as they insinuate *us* to be.) If *we* quote St. *Epiphanius*, St. *Ambrose*, St. *Jerome*, or the *Council* of *Nice*, and the *Arian Heresy*, they will match us with St. *Wardle*, *Sancta Clarke*, the *Bishop of Morocco*, the *Council of St. Stephen*, and the *Park-lane* and *Gloucester-place Heresies*.—What shall *we* do to stop their *canting* calumnies, and *snuffing sneers*?—We do not know, unless we *discharge our duty better in future*, and *shew ourselves rather more disinterested*, and *somewhat more nice in the channels through which we grope our way to*

preferment. If *we* do not, our *organs* will never be able to deafen the grating sounds of their *gospel-trumpets*, and *drum-ecclesiastic;* we shall be posted in Sir R—— H—'s "HOUSE of GOD," and H——n Coalheaver and Co. will no longer *discount bills* for us in their "BANK of FAITH." Nay, many of our own *customers* will be apt to doubt the solvency of our own firm, since they have found Mrs. MARY ANN CLARKE to have been a *sleeping* partner. If *we* should bribe her to join the *love-feasts* of *our* enemies, undermine their noses, and spoil their snuffling *in public*, such *zealous saints* are never to be restrained from *private meetings* and *chamber psalmody*, though she should give them a second edition of *Pandora's-Box:*—should—

"———— rack them with old cramps,
Fill all their bones with (Kemble's) '*aitches,*' make them roar,
That beasts should tremble at their din."

SHAKESPEAR'S TEMPEST.

A second *Butler*, now, would be worth a *bishopric*, although the first did not fare so well as a *cathedral bell-toller;* but England will never enjoy the *honor* of *starving* another. What can be done then? The best mode of getting out of the scrape will be to throw the joke upon the malice of the conventiclers, by repeating the old proverb—"*two of a trade can never agree*," and hitting them in the teeth with the following true anecdote:

THE METHODIST-PREACHER AND CLERK.

A *rev'rend tinker*, gifted souls to save,
To's hungry hearers Heav'n's riches gave:
Which done, *Amen*, a very worthy mate,
To all the saints in turn held forth the plate:
Each gave his mite,
As was but right,
Such promis'd treasure to ensure.—
Amen the vestry sought with looks demure.

The congregation gone, the parson hied
To vestry door, and thro' the key-hole spied—
Knowing the maxim true as brief,
To "*set a thief to catch a thief.*"

There he beheld *Amen*, in study brown,
Whether to pocket half, or a whole crown:
"Touch not the *crown* with impious hand,
"Or you are d——d!" the preacher cries.
Quoth *Amen*—"If I don't, I'm d——d!"
And in his pocket whips the prize.

LORDLINGS AND HACKNEY-COACHMEN.

"———— O *Pelopidas!*
Rather than buy my pleasure with such baseness,
I'd be a brute; methinks the happier creature:
The gen'rous horse, loose in a flow'ry lawn,
With choice of pasture, and of crystal brooks,
And all his cheerful mistresses about him,
The white, the brown, the black, the shining bay,
And ev'ry dappled female of the field:
Now, by the gods, for aught we know, as man
Thinks him a beast, man seems a beast to him."

LEE'S MITHR.

WE remember, when at school, to have been astounded at the whim of that precious fellow, Caligula, in bestowing the consular dignity on his horse, *Incitatus*. But, as experience grew up, our surprise gradually diminished, and we now think that some horses, and even asses, would fill up certain offices as well as they are executed by their present possessors. *Incitatus* could not speak, it is true, but then many of our members of

parliament are only two monosyllables (*aye* and *no*) before him. It must have been a happiness to have lived under the auspicious reign of an emperor, who rewarded merit wherever he found it, without respect to persons—and having discovered a genius in his horse, advanced him to the highest honors of the state. He had no doubt suffered through the ignorance and rapacity of former servants, and he would no longer put up with any thing for a minister, as some later monarchs have done, but chose this faithful and generous beast of burthen to support the weight of government. During the whole administration of this *great statesman*, he never made a trip; and should he have led his master into any thing that was dirty, there is no doubt he would have carried him through, and not have left him sticking there. It is a pity that history has not recorded the pedigree and education of this great statesman, whether he was fit for a triumphal car or dung-cart, a whip-club nobleman, or a prig of a parson; but we

cannot entertain the least doubt of the *nobility of his blood*, from his having so often been in contact with the *royal seat of honor*.

For our parts, we never can separate in idea statesmen in general from beasts of burthen, which will wade through any dirty work, without being sensible of any wound to its dignity.

As for the *nobility*, one might imagine that it had rained peers for a night, from observing so many *mushrooms* spring up in the morning. There is no such thing as walking a mile through the streets of the metropolis, without running one's nose against a star. As the ware is grown so cheap, so is it become of a very indifferent quality. But we cannot complain, as formerly, of lofty lords, and stately barons, who formed, in contrast with the commoners, two distinct nations in one state. No;—since the middling classes of plebeians cannot ascend to them, they have graciously descended to the rank of middling plebeians, at least, in their manners, language, and dress; and the star,

is now usually concealed as a badge of shame, beneath a grazier's frock, or a coachman or groom's box-coat. The military spirit of those families, which were originally ennobled through the heroism of their ancestors, seems quite sunk beneath the enormous load of *trading peers*, who consider every thing, even nobility itself, as a job; and no wonder, since it is so seldom conferred on a commoner for any other reason than his wealth. Alike insensible to their own honor, and to that of their country, the latter would have been as much an object of contempt as the former, if the body of the people had not made a common cause for its support, with their arms in one hand, and their purses in the other. Buonaparté knows this—feels this to be true. Titles should never be bestowed on wealth only, which is oftener gained by baseness than honesty, and oftener applied to the purposes of corrupting than of maintaining the constitution. The hope of being ingrafted into the Patrician families roused the genius and energy of the *Catos* and

Scipios; and the same hope made *Agricola* obtain the hand of the daughter of *Augustus*. Titles bestowed on merit, will not be so readily prostituted, as those acquired by less worthy means, as posterity are, in general, ashamed to tarnish the well-earned honors of their progenitors. Whilst our nobility and gentry seem paralyzed, how many great men have sprung up from the lowest to the highest ranks in France. Take an example by way of contrast.

FRANCE.

The Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, (Cambaceres)	Duke of Parma.
The Prince Arch-Treasurer, (Le Brun)	——— Piacenza.
Talleyrand	Prince of Benevento.
Cardinal Fesch	——— Primate.
Marshal Berthier	——— Neufchatel.
——— Bernadotte	——— Ponte Corvo.
——— Moncey	Duke of Cornegliano.
——— Massena	——— Rivoli.
——— Augerau	——— Castiglione.
——— Soult	——— Dalmatia.
——— Lasnes (dead)	——— Montebello.

Marshal Mortier	- -	Duke of Treviso.
——— Ney	- - -	——— Elchingen.
——— Davoust	- -	——— Auerstadt.
——— Bessieres	- -	——— Istria.
——— Victor	- -	——— Belluna.
——— Lefebvre	- -	——— Dantzic.
——— Kellerman	- -	——— Valmy.

COLONELS-GENERAL.

Marshal Marmont	- -	Duke of Ragusa.
——— Junot	- -	——— Abrantes.

GREAT OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

Caulaincourt, Grand Chamberlain		Duke of Vicenza.
Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace - - -	}	——— Frione.

GENERALS.

Savary	- -	Duke of Rovigo.
Arrighi	- - -	——— Padua.

Besides numberless others, raised from obscurity solely by their talents or genius for war, or intrigue.

ENGLAND.

WHIP CLUB.

Leader -	- Charles Buxton, Esq.
Second in command	- Lord Hawke.
Third -	- John Rogers, Esq.
Fourth -	- Humphrey Butler, Esq.
Fifth - -	- Captain Agar.
Sixth -	- Hon. Martin Hawke, Esq.
Seventh -	- Massey Dawson, Esq.
Eighth -	- Sir Harry Vane Tempest, B
Ninth - -	- Stephen Atkinson, Esq.
Tenth -	- Henry Osbaldestone, Esq.
Eleventh -	- Paul Methuen, Esq.
Twelfth -	- Lord Clinton.
Thirteenth -	- Hon. Lincoln Stanhope.
Fourteenth -	- John Harrison, Esq.

All of noble, or good families, and la estates; who, by unremitting perseverar and an habitual association with coachm grooms, and stable boys, have quali themselves to *drive a stage or hack coach!*

Their Costume for the year 1809.

A dark green mixture coat, with *three tier of pockets* as before, made very long and full in the front; skirts even unto the ancles. A mother-of-pearl button of the size of a half-crown-piece; the collar full, and of the same cloth. Waistcoat, yellow and green striped alternately. Small-clothes, the Peyton-cord, cut up to the arm-pits, and longitudinally over the swell of the calf; silk strings, and pearl buttons. Boots of the jockey kind, extending high enough to meet the garters of the breeches, with long straps cut very broad. Hat of *drab beaver*, five inches and a half deep, by four on the brim.

There is one *material* alteration since the last season, viz. the coach and four in hand, instead of being engraven on the buttons, is now only to be introduced on the seals attached to the watches of the members.

Can any thing in the *costume* of *Parisian puppyism* exceed this? We have never seen any such thing in their *tailor's bulletins!*

"Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making, but their own;
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a *substantial ass:*
True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool."

DRYDEN.

These *manual wits* are, in point of understanding, just upon a level with the late Sir Robert Mackworth, of driving celebrity, who caused to be painted on the pannel of his phaeton, the bloody hand of a baronet, with a figure of 4 in it, emblematical of driving *four in hand!*—Thus our nobility and gentry descend into the stables, whilst stable boys in France ascend into the highest ranks!—Lasnes was the son of a smuggling publican, and was himself a smuggler originally. Junot served in the shop of his father, who was a corn chandler. Bernadotte, the son of

a chairman, was a common soldier, previously to the revolution. Augerau was in a similar station. Massena was the same, and a deserter from the Sardinian troops. Cardinal Fesch (Buonaparté's maternal uncle) is the son of a tinker. Beurnonville is the son of a porter. Ney is the son of an old clothesman, and was a bankrupt tobacconist at Strasburg. Mortier was a shopman under his father. Savary is the son of a Swiss porter. Yet these are the men who shake all the thrones in the world to their very foundations; whilst our heroes are a terror only to their cattle!—None but fools, however, will wilfully shut their eyes to exclude the phantom of danger. Let us see the day light. The system of a military despot, which has already baffled all the political and military calculations of *the old school*, is too congenial to French levity and vanity to be easily abandoned. The education of their youth is wholly military. From the moment that a boy enters the public schools, or *prytanées*, he is enrolled in a com-

pany, regularly drilled, exercised, reviewed, punished, degraded, or advanced, according to martial law. The conscripts of France, therefore, instead of being, as is falsely imagined, raw levies, are a regular, disciplined, national militia, fit for actual service the moment it is put in requisition. Europe, and this country in particular, must look forward to continual struggles, during the life of the present Corsican military despot, and until some other ruler shall prefer the peaceful employments of agriculture and commerce to fields of blood. Let us see our danger with a steady eye, and it will be half overcome by use, and preparation to meet it. France can, at any time within a month, call, or, as we term it here, *drag* into the field above 150,000 young men, accustomed to military duty almost from infancy, and all of them better fitted to command than nine out of ten of our own officers upon first joining their regiments. Such a power raised almost without expence, and, as it were, *self-renovating*, must finally become the master of all

its rivals, and create, abolish, or dispose of empires, kingdoms, states, principalities, and republics at its pleasure. Here is the *arcanum* of French conquest, and happy will be this country in the end, if their *military-education-system* be not too hard for our *four in hand regime!*

In spite of the *tactics* of one of the *Buenos Ayres heroes*, and the bombastic declamations of *Mr. Bull-baiting Windham*, Buonaparté would have put it to the trial long since, if we had not fought him with somewhat like his own weapons, our *volunteer system!* And it is only by a continuation of the same system, that we can ever hope to command an honorable peace.

GREAT BRITAIN MUST BECOME A MILITARY NATION—GREAT BRITAIN MUST RETURN TO ECONOMY—OR GREAT BRITAIN MUST FINALLY SINK BENEATH THE ENVY, JEALOUSY, AND MILITARY SYSTEM OF FRANCE!!!

If the nobility of France had not degenerated into *whip-clubbists*, and *opera-house*

committee-men, they, perhaps, would not have been, as they are, for the greater part, at present, the vagrants and contempt of society. Nothing is more common than for a person to be stopped in the streets of Paris, by a person whispering—" Pray, Sir, bestow your charity on the Marquis or Marchioness of ——, or the Baron or Baroness of ——, ruined by the revolution." Numbers have eternally tarnished the brilliant lustre of their ancestors, by associating with the dregs of Europe, as fawning slaves of the Buonaparté family, not one member of which but has waded through murder, incest, unnatural crimes, and all the filth of prostitution, whom they despise for the meanness of their origin, and by whom they are equally despised for the meanness of their dispositions. Some ply in gambling-houses and bagnios; others grind music, and the very hawkers and pedlars of France complain that their trade is knocked up by the marquises, counts, and barons, who ply the streets and roads! One should think that the misery of the

French emigrants to this country should have operated as a check to frivolous and vicious pursuits, and the danger of the country have acted as a stimulus to the general defence. The middling and the lower ranks have stood forward nobly: but where have been the higher ranks?—In the back ground—lost to every thing—to themselves. Is there one nobleman who, at this distressing juncture, has offered to assist his country, *without accepting the wages of office, like a journeyman tailor or shoemaker?*—Not one. The service of the country is no longer regarded as honorable, but merely venal.—We have journeymen statesmen, and they do their business like other journeymen—slovenly enough. Sir William Curtis's barber is about upon a par with the most sagacious among them, and, no doubt, would be equally *garrulous* upon the Treasury Bench. If one attempts to expose the peculation or blunders of these *barber politicians*, and the case is too glaring for them to attempt to put him to death by an *attorney-general fever*, he is in-

stantly turned out before the public, pursued with a cry of *A Jacobin! A . bin!* To which we reply—*A minis raw-head and bloody-bones to scare chil* The defaulters of *unaccounted million* the jacobins—the levellers; and were the himself *permitted* to read our lucubra we have no doubt that he would excla *Ministers! ministers! rogues! rogues! vantes Hogg! honest fellow! honest fe tells truth!* Let us duly appreciate the i of these *ministerial alarmists*, and we find that it is a cloak to cover corru "I will not kill thee," says a quaker dog that had stolen his meat, "but I give thee a bad name." He accord shouted *a mad dog! a mad dog!* and poor animal soon fell under the sticks stones of the terrified populace. Anoth of jacobins are the nobility, who ha *velled* themselves with hackney-coachme grooms, and afforded a reason to the w from their propensities, to doubt wh their mothers have not played false with

fathers' coachmen or grooms. When we hear such a fellow boasting of his birth, it reminds us of the following anecdote:—The grandson of a French *chimney-sweeper*, who had climbed up to *noblesse* through the chimnies of Paris, was everlastingly boasting of his *noble extraction*, and the services which his ancestors had rendered to the public. "Certainly," says a gentleman who knew his origin, "the public are obliged to your ancestors, for if it had not been for them, *Paris* had been in danger of burning more than once." In time, the descendants of our present *hackney-coach-gentry*, may, with as much propriety, boast of the services which their ancestors have rendered to the worthy citizens of London, by driving them in a shower of rain. We may laugh at Buonaparté's *legion of honor*, but our own *whip-legion* is more contemptible; we may sneer at his *new noblesse*, but we had better correct the dissolute manners, and bring back the ancient spirit of our own. The *shopkeepers* of Britain are become *noble*

warriors, and our *noble warriors* have degenerated into *coachmen!* In point of number, the balance is *happily* in our favour, or Buonaparté might have found his *body-coachmen* among our *nobility*, as he has extracted his *pages*, and *grooms of the chamber*, from the most ancient nobility of all the other courts of Europe; instead of driving the French before them, as their ancestors have ever done, they might have been driving them behind *a pair of Castlereagh's Irish brethren.* "In some grounds," quoth Tom Brown, "every thing degenerates, wheat runs into barley, artichokes turn to thistles; grapes give nothing but verjuice." Why does nobility at present degenerate in this country? Let us have a *repartee* for it:—

CROSS BREEDING;

OR,

THE LORD AND CITIZEN.

Says a *lord* to a *cit*,
With treble his wit,
" It's no wonder you cits grow polite ;
" Since we lords, from the west,
" With your wives do our best,
" And with *children* your *dinners* requite."

Quoth the cit to the lord ;
" May be so—on my word,
" But *your sons* are but fit *to drive hacks;*
" For whilst you roam here,
" At home, with *your dear*,
" Your *groom* plays *the beast with two backs.*"

So that accounts for it!

PARISH FEASTING,

AND

SELECT VESTRIES.

"Every man therefore began to tipple, ply the pot, swill and guzzle, till in fine they fell asleep like pigs."

RABELAIS.

WHEN the lion is sick, every ass thinks to have a kick at him with impunity. We have squandered already one hundred millions in continental subsidies and intrigues, which would have enabled us to have carried on the war with spirit during five years; we have lately added to 11,000,000 more for our two, worse than fruitless, expeditions to the Scheldt and Spain. No resources, we repeat it, can withstand this foolish prodigality; we must reach their *ne plus ultra*, in time, if we do not put on the curb of economy in every department, individual as well as national. Every the smallest source of extravagance should be dammed up. But

no; we calmly yield to the most contemptible innovators of our undoubted rights. We speak now of the petty tyranny of *Select Vestries*. Numerous are the parishes, and the number daily increasing, wherein have sprung up of late these *oligarchies*, whose tyranny is the more insupportable in proportion to their contemptibility. In some of these they plead *custom*, in others, the *guarantee of an act of parliament*. The first originated in the supineness of individuals to the parochial concerns, when their importance was but trivial to their present state; the latter have been obtained by clauses inserted into acts passed for repairing churches, or other businesses, of which the parishioners never suspected its making part; and many parishes have been thus bound hand and foot, without entertaining the least idea of their intended fetters, till they have been rivetted.

Blackstone describes *churchwardens* as the guardians or keepers of the church, and representatives of the body of the parish.

They are sometimes appointed by the minister, sometimes by the parish, sometimes by both together, as custom directs. They are taken, in favour of the church, to be for some purposes a kind of corporation at the common law; that is, they are enabled by that name to have a property in goods and chattels, and to bring actions for them, for the use and profit of the church. *Yet they may not* waste the church goods, but may be removed by the parish, and then called to account by action at the common law.—By this description, the *body* of the *parish* stood for *somebody*, but, in numberless instances, a few designing, ambitious, avaricious individuals have reduced it to *nobody*. The *church goods* may be, and *are daily wasted*, and the parish can neither remove the dilapidators, nor call them to account at the common law. We know how these *local* and *private* bills are passed. An advertisement in some obscure part of a newspaper, which, perhaps, never strikes the eye of a dozen of the parishioners, paves

the way for the introduction of the bill into the house, where for want of notoriety of the bill itself, or of its intended scope of usurpation, it passes as an act according to the wishes and for the benefit of the parish, ninety-nine hundredths of whom are indignant at the deception, when the effects of it begin to be practised upon them. The first set of these *select vestrymen* are, in point of fact, *self-elected* through an insinuating, designing coxcomb of a *law agent* or *vestry clerk;* these select other vestrymen, who are men of *their own kidney*, and they generally agree that the *rates* shall exceed the necessary expenditure of the parish, so as to cover their "*copious cramming*" and "*numerous swilling;*" and of this overplus, it is a *standing order*, that, according to *Rabelais*, who seems to have been a modern vestryman, "*one part should be laid out in good drinking, another in good eating*, and *the remainder in both.*" Then every *hog* to his *swill-tub!*

But this is mere *cheese-curds* and *whey* to what follows: These select vestrymen are

usually the parish collectors, and if them decamp, which has often been t it has as often happened that the pr curities have not been required previ their entering upon office, and the stands to the loss! The *parish officers* invariably *selected* from the friends *self-selected vestrymen*, or *little p gods;* and situations, thus conferred t partiality, are always regarded so places of gain, ease, and comfort. *rochial rates* are assessed with the sa tiality, and a man, who should dare pose the *select vestry system*, would to feel the weight of their displeasur *rate-bill*, whilst to cringe, flatter, a them, are the sure means to be *let o* If one aggrieved resorts to an appea sure to be delayed, vexed, and superc neglected, till he is tired of the purs has added expence and loss of tim original grievance. The *parochial tees* for auditing the parish accounts, like manner, *selected* by the *self-sele*

trymen from among themselves, or their *select friends*, whose care is not about seeing justice done to the parish, but about seeing a *good dinner* on table at the sign of ——, the landlord of which is a *customer* of one of the *select vestrymen*, whose turn it is to put a trifle in a friend's pocket. These *honest gentry*, therefore, audit their own accounts—*and seldom dine at their own homes!*

We see here, upon a smaller scale, the very same corruption, the very same abuses, as have been developed in the highest circles of *public guardianship*. *Cabinet treats* descend to *parish feasts; ministerial men* to *select vestrymen; government officers* to *parish officers; state accounts* to *parish accounts*. But as the public is infinitely superior to private consideration, it may be as well for parliament to revise those acts of their own body, which give authority to those *petty hordes* to increase the burthens of the country, now grown almost insupportable, and which a retrenchment of *parish feasting* would materially alleviate. It should be observed that,

in the national expenditure, the sums rais as well as the items of disbursement, are s mitted to the public; but in the parocl expenditure, which, in many parishes, exce their quota to government, the parishioi must trust to their *honor!* So that, whe parish feast shall cost £50 or £60, the rishioners shall have reason to thank the *deration* of the *select vestrymen*, that it not amount to as much more. It is incredi that the legislature could ever be aware of power, which they have delegated to th *upstarts*, whose insolence is equal to their norance, and both to be exceeded only their *gluttony*—not in their own houses, at a parish dinner.—See them then!

"When once at dinner seated;
With many a dish
Of flesh and fish,
Oh! how they will be treated!
See the savoury bliss commence!
First a soup of rich pretence,
Then a turbot;—next remove!
Eating is the joy I love—

Robert! Thomas! Stephen! Jack!
Butter! pepper! gravy! sack!
Take my plate;—another slice;—
Not all lean, the fat is nice.
Ven'son haunch, and wing of chicken,
Are, indeed, luxurious picking:
Mind your elbow, awkward Davy!
You've upset both sauce and gravy.
Luckless wight, you've spilt the salt!
You jogg'd me, Sir; and you're in fault.
Here! some ale—some sack—some sherry,
Not small beer—that joke's not merry.
Oh! when at dinner seated, &c."

Thus, the *merry joke* of the *small beer* is played off on the other parishioners, who are glad to wash down their *cow-heel* and *sheep's trotters* with it. The following instance of *parochial economy* may be relied on as fact:—At a vestry meeting of a parish in Devonshire, (Woodbury, if we recollect right) a dispute arose whether the bell ropes were, or were not, fit for longer service. The matter was taken up so warmly by the *pros* and *cons*, that it was not decided, until about £300 had been expended, that the

bell ropes should serve for a year or two years longer! The parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, bears ample testimony to these parochial squabbles, and after many struggles in the House of Commons and Westminster Hall, the parishioners are saddled with enormous rates for law expences, and the charges of building a workhouse, or rather a palace; where, to make the select vestry more comfortable in their summer meetings, for such dainties can surely never be designed for the *pauper inmates*, the extensive garden walls are lined with the *choicest fruit trees*. A *green*, or *hot house* is only wanting to make the thing complete, and save the parish the expence of *fruiterer's bills* at vestry feasts.

HODGE'S PEEP INTO PIDCOCK'S MENAGERIE;

OR,

THE CASSOWARY AND CHURCHWARDEN.

HODGE came to see fam'd *Lunnun* town;—
Amongst the sights, at Pidcock's show
He takes a peep;—so stared the clown,
As clown ne'er stared, at all he saw.
The *parrot* showman strain'd his throat,
And bird and beast describ'd by rote:
"See, from the wilds of *Great Tartary*,
"The wonderful *Grand Cassowary!*
"Its wings so small are for its size,
"It runs a race-horse pace—ne'er flies;
"A horn upon its head it wears,
"Its feathers seem to us bears' hairs:
"But here's the wonder! without mum'ry,
"He'll swallow iron, as you would flum'ry;
"Lead, leather, stones, whate'er you offer,
"Try him, and see, if I'm a scoffer."—
"Nay, an' it be zo," cries the clown,
"I should not be surpris'd the least;
"A *creature* there's in our town,
"Will on the *church* and *steeple* feast;
"And, (on't I'll bet thee half a crown)
"At thrice, he'll gulph the *parish* down!"—
"What creature's that?" the showman cries.—
"'Tis call'd CHURCHWARDEN," Hodge replies.

POPULARITY.

"How oft a Patriot's best laid schemes we find
By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd;
If he succeeds, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot."

CONGREVE.

WHO, but an idiot, would demand from his benefactor the motives of his conferring the benefit, if no condition be attached to it? But a short month since, and Colonel Wardle was the champion of the people's rights, the detector of corruption, the reformer of abuses, and the finger-post to public economy. Oh, John Bull! you then acknowledged, in the most explicit terms, your unfeigned gratitude to the man, who had an unequivocal right to say to you—

"*I've done the state some service, and ye know't.*"

SHAKESPEAR.

And now, noosed by a jade's trick and legal craft, ye would take a wet sponge and

all. Well may the courtier-spawn in derision—

——The changing crowd, the rabble,
bitrary guard of Fortune's pow'r,
vait to catch the sentence of her frown,
urry all to ruin she condemns."

SOUTHERN.

; could be expected but that the man, dly, though rather *quixotically* it confessed (since he trusted to such eeds as yourselves, of whose cause o be the champion and support) stood to impeach venality and corruption, steering short of the blood-royal; e repeat, could be expected, but that nal throat, every ministerial nerve, be let loose upon him? And what y proved against him? Truly, a re-lity for a debt of 7 or £800, which er promised payment of it, as is to ted, and perhaps yet to be disproved) urred for your benefit, and the sal-of the country. For shame! Let us

coolly consider the justice or capricious injustice of your thus hastily withdrawing your confidence from a man who has materially served ye, and who has given proofs of having taken immense pains to render you still farther services.

Q. What motive could Colonel Wardle have in his visits to Mrs. Clarke?

A. It could not be that of gratifying a sensual passion, as he has publicly declared, and the lady has as publicly confessed, that no such gratification ever took place. The motive, therefore, has evidently transpired in the *Investigation of the Duke of York's conduct*, which was the *only use* he ever made of Mrs. Clarke.

Q. How did that Investigation turn out?

A. To the colonel's honor, by the acknowledgments of his ministerial opponents, and your own general, nay, almost universal votes of thanks.

Q. Well—what then has since transpired to alienate your gratitude and confidence from him?

A. Mrs. Clarke with her usual art, and the rapacity of *her profession*, would not come forward with such evidence as was in her possession, and in her's only, until she had either extorted a responsibility from the colonel, or had entrapped him into (what has appeared sufficient to a jury from the evidence adduced before them to deem) a *seeming* responsibility for articles of furniture for a house which she had taken after having been obliged to quit her ducal residence in Gloucester Place, where an execution had swept away all the remains of her *reflected* grandeur. "But," says the colonel, "this question is not yet at rest, and I will yet prove myself worthy of those marks of favor with which you have crowned my public conduct. Col. Glennie and Major Dodd, two of my principal witnesses, were not examined, notwithstanding my pressing instances to the contrary."—— Now, when it is understood that Glennie and Dodd are on the Duke of Kent's establishment, and yet that they went upon a two or

three days excursion with Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke, the bringer forward, and principal evidence of the Investigation into his royal brother's conduct, there might be some reasons for their not being examined. The conflagration might have extended to Kensington Gardens for aught we know, and a new trial may still let us have another peep behind the curtain.

But, to take the affair *against* Colonel Wardle in the *utmost extent*, let us suppose him to have been drawn or forced into a responsibility for this paltry debt of a few hundred pounds, ought you to turn your back upon him, who has incurred it upon the account of pointing out to you where lies the quicksand of your resources, and who has, moreover, pointed out to you where your servants are deficient in the economy of your purse to the extent of *many millions annually?* Can you do it without belying that beautiful, though, perhaps, fanciful, idea of the writer who asserts that ingratitude is of so deep a die, that the man was never yet

found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it?

What, if Colonel Wardle's disparagers (with whose characters the public have been satiated lately even to disgust) attribute to him a desire to gain *popularity?* Whatever may be the court epithets for popular applause, we shall not hesitate to assert the ambition of attaining it is as laudable as that of ascending a throne, and would be a more honorable one, were the public voice more consistent with itself. We know the reasons of those who declaim against it, and it depends only on ourselves to show the futility and baseness of them. Let national gratitude be the meed of national services only, and it will be thought the brightest jewel in a crown.

If Colonel Wardle wishes, by fair and undisguised means, to attain to honors, or even riches, has he not as undoubted a right to make those abilities, which nature has bestowed upon him, subservient to his ends, as the Grenvilles, Castlereaghs, Percevals, Wel-

lesleys, or other political ephemera, who are apparently determined to do the last offices of humanity, and close the eyes of their expiring country? Can you expect that patriots will guard your purse, and content themselves with poverty for their services, whilst you suffer rogues in office to pick your pockets with impunity? Be wise, Johnny, and rather give to men, who serve you openly, than encourage knaves to plunder you secretly.

Be it allowed that poverty is generally the parent of patriotism, when one party extolled *Pitt* as the pilot who weathered the storm, the heaven-born minister, and another party bellowed for his rivals, *Fox* and *Sheridan*, both parties passed over the tradesmen's and gambling debts of their respective favorites. Colonel Wardle is no *adventurer*, but a domestic, respectable character. With what consistency, then, can ye reproach him with a trifling sum brought upon him solely for the public good? Such instability, and self-contradiction, is beneath the dignity of manhood. The wiles of woman, and laby-

rinths of law, often entangle a man in difficulties, but not always in dishonor.

The Duke of York's connexion with Mrs. Clarke might have been venial, but for the consequences resulting from her venal abuse of it. Colonel Wardle's case, although it is undoubtedly serious to himself in a pecuniary light, is to the public by far more laughable than otherwise, to think that he should have forgot to *beware* of *edge tools* :—

> " The man, who laugh'd but once, to see an ass,
> Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,
> Might laugh again to see a jury chaw
> The prickles of unpalatable law."
>
> DRYDEN.

The motive of Mrs. Clarke's conduct towards Colonel Wardle is obviously *revenge*, because, since the Investigation, (the sole purpose for which he *courted her company*) he has ungallantly discontinued his visits, for which she, probably, cared little or nothing, and has withheld his supplies of money, with a continuance of which her rapacity flattered itself:

" For to a woman, of her hopes beguil'd,
A viper trod on, or an aspic's mild."

BEAUMONT.

The public, however, should be superior to being swayed by such an unworthy motive, and from such an impure channel. What use, or rather abuse, Mrs. Clarke really did make of the royal patronage is well known; what she would have made of it, if she could, is not doubtful. Madame Dubarry, by her extravagance, occasioned that disorder in the finances of France, which terminated in the disastrous revolution; and Mrs. Clarke would not have been much behind her, if she had not been stopped by some murmurs of public discontent. It cannot be too strongly impressed on our minds, that as every hope of subduing us by force has vanished from our implacable foe, Buonaparté, he has put every secret engine at work to undermine our resources. *Pretended* French emigrants, but *real* spies, have abused the credulity and ignorance of our

ministers, and disappeared with thousands of English guineas in return for having betrayed us. Whithersoever Buonaparté has directed his course, he has always been preceded by political incendiaries, and a *Cyprian* corps. Madame Chevalier, one of Talleyrand's female diplomatists, ruined the domestic peace of Paul I. of Russia, degraded him throughout Europe in his political transactions, and finally occasioned his murder; for which *services* she plundered the country of one million of roubles, and actually received from the French government six hundred thousand livres out of the two million which she had been promised, if she should persuade Paul to withdraw from his alliance with England and Austria. Now, Mrs. Clarke has art enough to be *quite* a *treasure* to *Buonaparté, as well as to a secretary of state,* if her rapacity and love of extravagance could render her so base. We should hope not; but we had rather that her *honor* should never be again put to the trial by having any *state influence* to put up for sale. If the principal

end of history be to serve as a guide to our present conduct, we may recollect that *Theodora*, who exhibited herself naked on the theatre of Constantinople; Theodora, whose charity was so universal that "*lassata viris, necdum satiata, recessit*," was elevated to the throne, notwithstanding that the laws of Rome expressly prohibited the marriage of a senator with any female who had been dishonored by a servile origin, or theatrical profession. "The prostitute (observes Gibbon) who, in the presence of innumerable spectators, had polluted the theatre of Constantinople, was adored as a queen in the same city, by grave magistrates, orthodox bishops, victorious generals, and captive monarchs."—*Antonina*, the wife of Justinian's famous general, Belisarius, had been also an actress and a prostitute, and was therefore a worthy colleague of Theodora. "Numerous spies (says the same historian) observed and zealously reported every action, or word, or look, injurious to their royal mistress. Whomsoever they accused, were cast into

her peculiar prisons, inaccessible to the inquiries of justice; and it was rumoured, that the torture of the rack, or scourge, had been inflicted in the presence of a female tyrant insensible to the voice of prayer, or of pity. Some of these unhappy victims perished in deep unwholesome dungeons, while others were permitted, after the loss of their limbs, their reason, or their fortune, to appear in the world the living monuments of her vengeance, which was commonly extended to the children of those, whom she had suspected, or injured. The senator, or bishop, whose death or exile Theodora had pronounced, was delivered to a trusty messenger, and his diligence was quickened by a menace from her own mouth:—'If you fail in the execution of my commands, I swear by Him who liveth for ever, that your skin shall be flayed from your body.'" Now, where would the insolence of Mrs. Clarke have stopped short of that of Theodora, if fortune had equalled their elevation? Several officers of the army were obliged to retire from the service, or

were put on half-pay, because her rapacious expectations were not satisfied to the full extent of *her regulated* price. A direct sale of honors and offices was transacted in the palace of Constantinople, with the permission, or at least with the connivance of Justinian and Theodora, where the claims of merit, even those of favour, were disregarded. A sense of the disgrace and mischief of this venal practice, at length awakened the slumbering virtue of Justinian, and he attempted by the sanction of *oaths and penalties*, to guard the sanctity of his government; but at the end of a year of perjury, his rigorous edict was suspended, and *corruption licentiously abused her triumph over the impotence of the law.*

The reader may, if he pleases, draw the parallel between Theodora's and Mrs. Clarke's influence, and between Justinian's edict and our late act of oaths and penalties to prevent borough-trafficing; we hope, however, though we dare not trust, that the conclusion will be quite the reverse, and that corruption will no

longer licentiously abuse her triumph over the impotence of the law. The Duke of York's dereliction of such a woman as Mrs. Clarke, *from a sense of his own honor*, would have been an effort of magnanimity sufficient to efface all former errors, if we could have been assured, that she had not been succeeded by another of a similar stamp. If it be so, the case, perhaps, is not much mended. Mrs. Clarke has, at all events, published her own infamy; but the worst that can be alleged against Col. Wardle, is, that he has been driven by the craft and rapacity of the woman with whom he had to deal, into a mode which, however inconsistent it would have been with the strict character of a private gentleman in his own affairs, is, however, strictly consonant with all the precedents of *political jockeyship*. The name of a *patriot* has been undoubtedly so very much prostituted as to have become very *suspicious;* but the public would be lending a knife to cut their own throats, if they should set their face against every man, who assumes the

character of one, especially against one who has so boldly unveiled such a mass of corruption. But if, as has ever been asserted by the *Ins*, the patriotism of the *Outs* is but a *cant word* for a systematical opposition to shift the *game of corruption* from one hand to another, we can only say that we are as well off as a flock of sheep with the alternative of the butcher, or the wolf.

THE WOLF AND SHEEP;

AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE.

A crafty wolf, with longing eyes,
From neighb'ring wood, beheld a flock;
But dared not seize the tempting prize
By *Shepherd* watch'd, and trusty *Shock*.

Art oft succeeds where vi'lence fails—
This *Segrim* knew, and laid his plan;
When dog and shepherd took their meals,
He 'midst the flock unheeded ran.

He then address'd the timid crew,
Who, at his presence, struck with dread,
Together for protection flew,
Each ram presenting his horn'd head.

"My worthy Sirs, though this mistrust
"I cannot blame, 'tis useless quite;
"Be to yourselves, and me, more just,
"Peace 'tis I seek, and not to fight.

"My brethren send you greeting kind
"By me, their envoy, you advise;
"They wish your friendship, and you'll find,
"In wolves your natural allies.

"They say that men, and dogs alike,
"Are foes to your's, and to our nation,
"Who form at all our lives to strike,
"An infamous association.

"Unprincipled, they separate
"Those int'rests, which should e'er be join'd;
"Make sheep fly wolves with direst hate,
"In whom the tend'rest friends they'd find.

"And for what end? To play the glutton
"On us they cast their blood-stain'd lives;
"Feed you until you're nice fat mutton,
"Then bury in your throats their knives.

"For this they watch you with such care;
"We hate not sheep, but dogs and men;
"Fly to the woods, be free as air,
"We'll welcome each a denizen.

"Brethren and friends, the butcher waits,
"Say will ye make the wolves your friends?"—
Each sheep in solemn council bleats,
Baa's *aye*, or *no*, as suits his ends.

At length, the sense is ta'en—"The *ayes*
Have got it!" baa's the speaker loud;
"Huzza, for freedom!" Segrim cries,
And to the woods draws off the crowd.

There frisk'd and play'd the fleecy host,
Till seen their folly, but too late;
Taught by gaunt Segrim to their cost,
Who trust to wolves deserve their fate.

"Hard fate!" an aged ram exclaim'd—
"'Twixt wolf and butcher to be plac'd;
"Alike our honest guardians aim'd,
"And to their deaths their wards embrac'd."

MORAL.

Thus for the *loaves and fishes* struggle,
The *Ministry* and *Opposition;*
Whilst *amor patriæ's* a juggle,
And *Statesmen's honor,* imposition.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

BEING A PARODY ON

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,

AS LATELY PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL ECLAT,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, GLYSTER PLACE:

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRED. FLAT.
COL. AP-WARBLE.
JERRY DOODLER.
SANDMAN.
DONKEYMAN.
COL. FRANÇOIS.
SAM.

MOLL SHARP.
MOLL TRAPES.
FAVORI.

THE

NEW BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT. I.

SCENE—*A Chamber—*MOLL SHARP *writing at a table.*

Enter JEREMIAH DOODLER—*(peeping.)*

DOODLER.

EH! what! coast clear?

MOLL.

Yes, my soul—flat's off for the *Mews*. I had no little trouble to get rid of him; he is so *emetically* fond of one.

DOODLER.

Well, my life, did you tip it to him?

MOLL.

Yes: after much feigned reluctance, I told him that I could not fight shy of my duns any longer.

DOODLER.

Did he run into the snare?

MOLL.

Blind as a mole, or else he was prepared for the scene; for he immediately replied that I had more influence than *many queens*, and need not want money *if I were clever*.

DOODLER.

To work then—make hay while the sun shines: Bishops, deans, prebends, rectors, colonels, commissaries, majors, captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, like blades of grass—I'll scour the hundreds, and pick up those who want preferment—not for merit but for money;—you shall have a list of such as I

think mean to be *real customers*, and do you introduce it to your *gudgeon*.

MOLL.

I'll pin it up to the bed's head, and he will be sure to see it.

DOODLER.

Let me buss thee for that idea, though it ought rather to make me jealous.

MOLL.

Jealous of what, and of whom! ridiculous! —*(knocking)* Some one knocks—quick—run down into the kitchen, and vanish through the area gate. [*Exit Doodler.*

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Dr. Slim, ma'am.

MOLL.

Shew him up. *(Exit servant.)* When I am in good health, I am never so well pleased

as with a visit from one of these *old wom*
for they not only amuse you with, but a
propagate any scandalous reports which
wishes to have circulated.

Enter DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

Madam, your most devoted—

MOLL.

Your's, Doctor—pray take a seat.

DOCTOR.

(Draws a chair close to her.) W
Madam, how are *we* to-day?

MOLL.

Thank ye, never in better health and spi
in all my life.

DOCTOR.

You look like HYGEIA herself—heal
youth, and beauty.

MOLL.

Nay, Doctor, I had rather take flattery from you than medicine.

DOCTOR.

Nay, flattery is a kind of medicine, since it puts the person who receives it into a good temper with himself, and that is a very grand source of health. But, well or ill, I'm come to *feel your pulse*.

MOLL.

(Presenting her arm.)—Must do something for his fee. *(aside)*.

DOCTOR.

I must prescribe for you.

MOLL.

Why, what do you think ails me?

DOCTOR.

Only a slight touch of the times.

MOLL.

Touch of the times! Where do you think I'm *touch'd* then?

DOCTOR.

Only where the greatest persons in the kingdom are—I'll show you.

MOLL.

(Aside.) Surely the old fumbler can't mean to be amorous.

DOCTOR.

(Takes paper out of his pocket-book and presents it to her.) Here is a prescription—I shall call in a few days to know how it has agreed with you. Your most obedient humble servant, Madam.

MOLL.

Your's, Sir—*(She holds out her hand with the usual fee enclosed, but the Doctor only takes and salutes it, then retires smiling.)*—What, not take his fee!—nay then his pre-

scription must be a *billet-doux*—If he had pocketed the cash, I should have thrown his prescription on the fire, but his unusual behaviour makes me curious to peruse its contents—(*reads*) Aye—hem—"Your interest requested to procure exchange between Lieut. Col. —— and Lieut. Col. ——; compliment of two hundred pounds."—Faith, this is a touch of the times, and I don't see why *Glyster Place* should be more scrupulous than some other *places* that I know of.—(*sings*)

I will have my humours,
I'll please all my senses,
I will not be stinted
In love or expences.

I'll dress with profusion,
I'll game without measure;
You shall have the bus'ness,
I will have the pleasure.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Two gentlemen request the favor of an interview.

MOLL.

Shew them up. (*Exit Servant.*) More grist to the mill, perhaps.

Enter FRANÇOIS *and* SANDMAN.

Ma'am, your most obedient.

MOLL.

Your servant, gentlemen—pray take chairs—to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit.

FRANÇOIS.

We wish, Ma'am, to be employed on the recruiting service, and as we understand that you have an understanding in a certain quarter—

MOLL.

Well, Sir—(*sings*)

If you at office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.

Are you on the smiles of a lady intent,
She too has this palpable failing;
The perquisite softens her into consent,
That reason with all is prevailing.

FRANÇOIS.

We would compliment you with five hundred guineas, in the first place, for the appointment, and rise according to future services, by allowing a certain sum out of the bounty to every recruit, and a portion of the patronage in the nomination of the officers.

MOLL.

May I ask who acquainted you that I had any such interest?

FRANÇOIS.

Mr. Cockeye, the lawyer, recommended us to Mr. Score'em, the music-master, who told us his name would be a sufficient introduction.

MOLL.

Good—Well, gentlemen, you may leave the deposit, and I dare say your wishes will

be fulfilled;—and if you have any friends, gentlemen, who have money, and wish promotion in the army, I can get it for them.

SANDMAN.

We shall keep it in mind. Madam, your most humble servant.

FRANÇOIS.

Your most obedient, Ma'am.

MOLL.

Your's, gentlemen. [*Exeunt François and Sandman.*)—This is *doing business.*—Really, with all their boasted superiority, these *lords of the creation* are nothing more, after all, than the *fringe of womens' petticoats.*

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

(Presenting to her ten or a dozen letters) —The postman, Ma'am. [*Exit Servant.*

MOLL.

So—so—the plot thickens. *(Reads)*—

"Wanted—the vacant rectory of——for the Rev. Mr. —— Douceur one hundred pounds. Also the appointment to the vacant deanery of ——— for the Rev. —— Premium three thousand guineas.—(N. B. This application is made without the reverend gentleman's knowledge, some ladies of quality having entered into a subscription to procure for him the vacant appointment.—The enclosure is a letter of recommendation by those ladies; besides which, if such a thing be at all heeded, two bishops will testify to his clerical endowments.)—There is also an *inspector of the customs'* place vacant, for which a handsome sum will be given.—Wanted also a *paymastership* for a second battalion; remuneration will be five hundred pounds.—Also wanted a *collectorship*, or *storekeeper's* place at ——, and swarms of *landwaiter's* places. —Your's, &c. *J. Donkeyman, Syrup-place.*"——What's this? Oh, the ladies' recommendation—it must be curious, so let's just whip the cream off it.—(*reads*)—"We have heard, Madam, that you *handle the*

matters of a certain great personage, and therefore solicit you on behalf of our *dear Doctor*. He knows nothing of the matter, we assure you—not a syllable of the matter. No one knows better than yourself, Ma'am, what awkward, bashful creatures men are; whereas we, women, push at the point at once. But as we were a saying, Ma'am, there is a *somebody* who can get a living for *any body;* and if you could be prevailed upon to use your interest with that *somebody* for *our Doctor*, some people would present you with a hymn to the tune of the three thousandth psalm, *golden metre*.—(The Doctor must have a pretty pipe to induce the ladies to sing to such a tune;—but let us proceed)—Lord, Ma'am, all the world doats upon *our Doctor;* was you but to hear him preach, you would expire with ecstacy: In one hand a *delicious white handkerchief;* on the little finger of the other a diamond ring. Then he waves this way and that way—now he thrusts forward with the greatest ardour—now draws

backward with submissive diffidence. Besides, he preaches all *extempore;* never pores with his eyes close to the book, like a worn out curate, when strumming over the first lesson. Then *our Doctor* is short and sweet—he never gives the ladies more than they can carry away with them. Oh, he's a real orthodox divine—none of your squeamish presbyterian stomachs; he believes the thirty-nine articles, and would nine times as many more, could he by that carry his point, or rise in the church. None of the rabble attends him; no, the canting methodists will do for them. None but persons of distinction, we assure you, Ma'am, go to hear *our Doctor;* yet he is so humble that he would make no scruple to bury a tradesman, was he not engaged in a quadrille party, and he actually performs a vast number of in-door christenings. Then, Ma'am, his *wig!* Oh, you would doat on his dear wig—none of your bushy frights; none of your waving curls, that hang like the hair of a Newfound-

land dog! The curls are as stiff as a cauliflower, or any thing else you can imagine, Ma'am, and flies off so snug, that you may see his dear round rosy cheeks to the utmost advantage. But were we to rehearse all his *clerical qualities* we should never have done. —So, Ma'am, we hope you will not forget— and, you comprehend us, be secret—for *even our dear Doctor knows nothing of the matter.*"—Ha! ha! ha! *our dear Doctor!* Older and wiser, I find. I never till now guessed that the way to rise in the church was to fall down before women—Well, as Burke once said, this is the "*dignified obedience,*" and "*proud submission,*" which men owe and pay to our superior sex. But, as women are permitted to rule kingdoms in quality of queens, surely they cannot be inadequate to any inferior station.—(*sings*)

The modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Sandman and Mr. Donkeyman, Ma'am.

MOLL.

Show them up. *(Exit Servant.)* Men of business these! they look up customers faster than, I fear, I shall be able to find places for them.

Enter SANDMAN *and* DONKEYMAN.

MOLL.

Your servant, gentlemen.

BOTH.

Your's, Ma'am.

SANDMAN.

We have been very busy in consequence of the hint you favoured us with, and this gentleman has got a receipt for £500, deposited for your use, on procuring a majority for the Captain, whose name is mentioned in it.

MOLL.

I am afraid it cannot be done just nc my *friend* is from town on regimental at but if the Captain will have a little patier

SANDMAN.

Oh, he must, if that's all.

DONKEYMAN.

Then I will leave this receipt with Ma'am, if agreeable.

MOLL.

If you please, Sir. When the C shall be gazetted, I presume I shall liberty to draw the money.

DONKEYMAN.

Certainly, Ma'am.

SANDMAN.

Well, Ma'am, we will detain y longer at present, as time, in our con is precious to all of us. Your most obe

EYMAN.

Good da[illegible]

OLL.

The san[illegible], gentlemen. *(Exeunt Donkeyman an[illegible]dman.)* Just in time! —I want a service [illegible] plate, and I must get Fred. to make up the difference between this £500, and what it will come to. But a-propos! I have opened shop without having set any price upon my goods. We must have a kind of tariff. *(Sits down at table, and reads as she writes.)*

	£		£
A Majority—Regulated price	2600	—My price -	900
Captaincy - - -	1500	- - -	700
Lieutenancy - -	550	- - -	400
Ensigncy - - -	400	- - -	200

AIR.

"Love now is nought but art,
'Tis who can juggle best;
To all men seem to give your heart,
But keep it in your breast.

What gain and pleasure do we find,
Who change whene'er we list;
The mill, that turns with every wind,
Must bring the owner grist."

Enter SAM.

SAM.

The postman, Ma'am.—*(delivers letters.)*

MOLL.

Wait a moment.—*(opens one of the letters and reads)* "My dear Madam—You will be quite a treasure in every way to any Secretary of State."—(Ha, ha, ha! do you think so? Why, I begin to be of that opinion myself. Talk of cabinets! Your *boudoir* is the only place for business.)—"Paymastership—India—settlement of Mr. H——'s accounts—place in Bank—Adjutancy to first or second battalion—Your's, R. M."—Very well.—*(takes another letter)*.—To George Flyblower, Esq.—What's this?—Oh! I recollect—the preconcerted direction

from Fred. *(opens it)* "Beloved—sweet darling life—millions and millions of thanks —angel—seen Doctor Smearum—wishes to perform before—long time since I parted from you, my darling—ever your's and your's alone—dearest, dearest, dearest love." —Sickening enough.—What's this? Another of his scrawls!—*(opens another letter and reads)* "Best beloved—delightful letter— angel—impatience to clasp you in my arms— ten thousand thanks for handkerchiefs—ten thousand blessings on hands that made them —viewed French camp—(Ah, poor Fred. you have viewed it often to your cost, but luckily the sea was between you this time)— dragoons—militia—then for pleasure of seeing my dearest, dearest love."

When Mr. Doodler calls, Sam, tell him that I shall expect him at supper. Look sharp, Sam, and be a good boy, and I'll get you an ensigncy, if you think you shall be strong enough to carry the colours. Order the carriage directly.—*(Exit Sam.)* Well, let them reproach me with what they may, I

hope soon to put it out of their power to reproach me with poverty.

AIR.

"The sex we find,
Like men inclin'd
To guard against reproaches;
And none neglect
To pay respect
To rogues, who keep the coaches."

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

E—Discovers FRED. *FLAT between* LL SHARP *and* MOLL TRAPES *at* able *covered with a desert, bottles,* ses, *&c.*

AIR.—FRED.

" Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some new lover?

SHARP.

Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll—

FRED.

O pretty, pretty Poll!"

SHARP.

, rather let me call you to an account
your absence, my gallant son of Mars!

What siren has lull'd my warrior's hea
her lap?

FRED.

None, or may my pistol miss fire, and
mare refuse to swim in my next *ret*
Now I think of it, how does Col. Fra
behave to you, my darling?

SHARP.

Middling—not very well.

FRED.

He had best take care, or I shall d
him and his levy too. But adieu to bus
for the present.

AIR.—FRED.

"Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love, and joy:
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there aught else on earth desirous?

CHORUS.

Fill every glass, &c."

Enter SAM.

SAM.

A letter, Ma'am. (*gives it to Sharp.*)

SHARP.

Wait, Sam.—With your permission, my dear.

FRED.

Aye, by all means—a woman's curiosity is too pressing an affair to be delayed.

SHARP.

(*After reading letter.*)—Ha, ha, ha! From my good friend the general.—"May the Hill of Howth tumble down on top of me, if I know what to do with my wife and brats, unless, like another Europa, you shall make love for me to your town bull. At all times, asleep or awake, your eyes sparkle with divine lustre; but if, the next time you put on the cestus of Venus, and drink a bottle of nectareal champaigne with him, you will push my affair, I am sure you will com-

pletely do both his business and mine. Your's till the *end* of *eternity*."

Well, what says my hero? Have my eyes that brilliant effect which my gallant Hibernian attributes to them?

FRED.

I must confess I'm not just now in a humour to deny you any thing.

SHARP.

That's my dear boy! Give us a buss. You never look'd half so engaging in your life. Sam, tell *Favori* to step up. *(Exit Sam.)* You must dine here; I cannot part with you after so long an absence.

FRED.

I am positively engaged to dine; but I will be with you early in the evening.

SHARP.

(Poutingly.) Aye, but in such a way, perhaps, that I shan't be much the better for your coming.

Enter FAVORI.

SHARP.

(Aside to Favori.) He don't dine here, but comes at night. Is all ready as I desired?

FAVORI.

Yes, Ma'am.

SHARP.

Have you pinned the list I gave you to the bed's head?

FAVORI.

Yes.

SHARP.

You're sure of it?

FAVORI.

Perfectly so.

SHARP.

That's all. *(Exit Favori.)*—Nay, now, my Mars will not stay long away.

FRED.

Not, when he knows that his Venus waits for him.

AIR.—SHARP.

" I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate has left her side,
Whom hounds from morn to eve,
Chace o'er the country wide :

Where can my lover hide ?
Where cheat the wary pack ?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back."

FRED.

I'm too brimful of passion to stay long from you.

SHARP.

But you won't get brimful of wine too, now will you ?

FRED.

No—be this my pledge. *(salutes her.)*

AIR.—FRED.

" The miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's obliged to pay ;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

SHARP.

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries."

FRED.

B'ye, dearest, dearest, dearee.

SHARP.

B'ye, loving, loving, lovee. *(Exit Fred.)* Ha, ha, ha! Poor simpleton! There now goes one of the lords of the creation—a ruler of the haughty lords of the creation, and yet I hold him by a hair—merely by telling him I am in love with him. Mercy on me for all the lies of that kind I've told him, but then, you know, my dear Trapes,

AIR.—SHARP.

"Of all the sins, that are money supplying,
Consider the world, 'tis past all denying,
With all sorts,
In towns, or courts,
The richest sin is lying."

Enter SAM.

SAM.

Mr. Doodler, Ma'am.

SHARP.

Excuse me one minute, my dear.

TRAPES.

No, let him come up, I'm going to see th
Ambassador of Morocco.

SHARP.

Well, but you'll be back to dine.

TRAPES.

Depend on it. [*Exi*

Enter DOODLER.

AIR.—DOODLER.

" Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half-year's night would pass.

SHARP.

Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd;
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

DOODLER.

And I would love you all the day,

SHARP.

Ev'ry night would kiss and play;

DOODLER.

If with me you'd fondly stray,

SHARP.

Over the hills and far away."

DOODLER.

A lucky thought—a master-stroke has just come across me. If you could get me a commission, I could touch *Dad* for a few hundreds, and then we should both be in cash.

SHARP.

I'll try the experiment this very evening. Fred. sleeps here to-night. See, here is already a bundle of applications. (*Shows him a*

bundle of letters.) A list of them is pla
at the bed's head, where I'll take care he s
not miss seeing it. I'll add your applicat
and second it with all my art. But w
shall I do? Those pests of polished soci
the sheriff's officers, have seized my carri

DOODLER.

I'll go this instant, and send you anoth

SHARP.

Will you, indeed? Then I'll cast
sorrows to the winds, and give a loose to l

AIR.—SHARP.

"In the days of my youth, I could bill like a dove,
fa, la, la, &c.
Like a sparrow, at all times, was ready for love,
fa, la, la, &c.
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the gl
fa, la, la, &c."

[*Kiss and Exe*

SCENE—*A Mess-Room—*FRED. *and Officers round a table covered with bottles, bowls, and glasses.*

GLEE.

" How merrily we live that soldiers be!
Round the world thus we march with merry glee!
On the pleasant downs, where, as in camp we lie,
No cares we know, but fortune's frowns defy,
So long as we can see our colours fly:
How merrily we live that soldiers be!
Round the world thus we march with merry glee!"

FRED.

(*Rising.*) Well, I must leave you.

OFFICERS.

So soon!

FRED.

Yes, faith, you know I've been some days absent, and have a bill upon me which I must pay into love's exchequer. So you must excuse my leaving you upon duty.

FIRST OFFICER.

Nay, for that matter, it is you yourself who are going upon duty. Take care you don't sleep upon your post.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha! Come, let's have a bumper to that before you go, however.

FRED.

With all my heart. (*They fill their glasses.*) "Here's to the vigilant soldier who never sleeps at his post."

ALL.

The aforesaid.

FRED.

(*Drinks off his wine, and goes off singing.*)

"So I drink off this bumper, and now I can stand the test."

SCENE—*Changes to an Apartment in* MOLL SHARP'S *House.*

Enter SHARP, TRAPES, *and* DOODLER.

SHARP.

Well now, I believe, we have pretty well arranged matters before our gudgeon returns.

DOODLER.

Gudgeon, indeed! But, my dear Sharp, what man would not bite at a hook covered with such a tempting bait as yourself?

AIR.—DOODLER.

"What gudgeons are we men!
Ev'ry woman's easy prey;
Tho' we have felt the hook, again
We bite, and they betray.

The bird, that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies; again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate."

SHARP.

Well, Doodler, I'm sure, of all men on

earth, you have the least reason to cor
of our sex's arts.

DOODLER.

Good reason for it;—my wits have a
been where they should be, and not
pocket, like some people's that we all k

OMNES.

Ha! ha! ha!

[*Loud knocking at the stree*

SHARP.

Here he comes. My dear Doodle
down into the kitchen till he's got up
and then make your retreat—Bon r
(*Exit Doodler.*)—Hand me my wor
my dear Trapes. (*Takes the work-ba*
they seat themselves.) So, now the de
cleared for action.

Enter FRED.

FRED.

You see I am punctual, my dearest
What! my other angel here too!

AIR.—FRED.

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I say—
But toll de roll, &c."

TRAPES.

(*Rising.*) Oh, dear, then I'll quickly resign my pretensions.

FRED.

Can't you take a joke?—I didn't mean to frighten you away.

TRAPES.

But I was on the point of taking my leave before you came in.

FRED.

What's your hurry? Some love affair, I dare swear.

TRAPES.

Nay, if it were, you can't expect I should make you my father confessor. You look much like a bishop indeed.

FRED.

Well, may you find him as kind and true as——

SHARP.

Yourself, my *field-bed-marshal.*

FRED.

Thank you for that—I hope you will prove me so to your heart's content.

TRAPES.

May your content prove reciprocal, and I cannot do better than to leave you to the proofs of it. Adieu!

SHARP AND FLAT.

Adieu!

[*Exit Trapes.*

FRED.

Well, my charmer, as she says—"*to the proofs of it.*"

SHARP.

Most willingly, my hero.

AIR.—SHARP.

" Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended;
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen,
With how d'ye do, and how d'ye do,
And how d'ye do again?"

FRED.

Ah, Molly! thou art a dear slut!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Discovers* MOLL SHARP *sitting at a Table with Papers before her.*

AIR.

"Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions berogue one another;
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine."

Well—business goes on swimmingly. If I have fingered a little of the public money, I have at least suffered as few offices in church and state to be vacant as possible.—But what can have become of Fred.? He has absented himself these several days past. Sure no rival can have thrown me out, who have *pushed* so many into fortune's way.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

A letter, Ma'am. (*Exit.*)

SHARP.

'Tis his hand-writing!—(*Opens the letter and reads it with increasing agitation, which ends in a violent rage*)—Hey! what! do not my eyes, or this accursed scrawl, deceive me? Deserted! and above two thousand pounds in debt! (*Reads aloud*) "You must recollect that a circumstance has taken place, which has led to a result that must necessarily incline me to consult my own character and situation;—interview painful—excuse me if I decline it.

AIR.

"I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled,
Oh, how I am troubled,
Bamboozled and bit,
My distresses are doubled.
Were you at the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose."

—What course shall I pursue?—I'll send word to him this instant, that if he does not come into my terms, I will publish his letters, and kill his *milch cow*, and then he will cut his throat. [*Exit.*

Enter Col. Ap-Warble, who has been listening.

Col.

Very good resolve too, my pretty creature! I've long had suspicions of foul dealings, and wished to get a clue to give the puplic a fair insight into them. Nicety in these matters would be false delicacy, and so hur will take the liperty to take a peep at the contents of these papers, till the fair one comes back. She is already in as pretty a passion as a man would wish a woman to pe, and a sip or two of her usquepaugh-pottle will just put her into a state to be communicative enó' for my purpose.—(*Peruses the papers.*)—So—I suspected somewhat, put not quite so pad as this! I see now the truth of Macheath's observation, that "money

well timed, and properly applied, will do any thing." Put who could have thought that any man could have been such a simpleton, as to have given certificates of his *follies*, under his own hand and seal! I'll no longer disbelieve the existence of syrens: Here's one would lure the Devil out of hell, or, what's more, if he were out, would lure him pack to it again—nay, altho' he first proved the frailty of the sex in mother Eve, I think she would have art enough to make a married man of his devilship, and add to his horns into the pargain.

AIR.

" Woman's like a flutt'ring ocean!
Who her pathless way can find?
Ev'ry blast directs her motion,
Now she's angry, now she's kind.

What a fool's a vent'rous lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by ev'ry wind?
Can the bark the port recover,
When the silly pilot's blind?"

Enter MOLL SHARP *without observing him.*

SHARP.

I've dispatched a messenger to him—a base man! he can't look me in the face after what has passed between us; but he shall see that I know, as well as any of your fine ladies, how to make the most of myself, and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she has never been at court, or at an assembly; we have it in our natures. Let him hang himself, I'll 'peach—

COL.

(*Coming forward.*) So would I, if I were you, my dearest, dearest, dearee!

SHARP.

Heavens! who are you, Sir?

COL.

(*Sings.*) "Of a noble race was Shenkin."

SHARP.

How did you gain admittance, and what is your business?

COL.

My business, Ma'am, was to get into possession of your secrets, and you see that I am pretty deep in them—(*Showing the papers which he has taken off the table.*)

SHARP.

Hey day! why those are my papers!

COL.

They were, but they belong to the public now.

SHARP.

Why this must surely be some madman.

COL.

Why, I own that I'm sometimes in a *madhouse*, but I'm not got into the *Hospital* of *Incurables* yet.

SHARP.

I did not care where you were, so you were out of my house. Give me my papers.

COL.

Really, Ma'am, they're too *entertaining* to deprive the puplic of them.

SHARP.

Do you mean to rob me, Sir?

COL.

No, Ma'am, only to detect a few robberies.

SHARP.

Sir, my servants are at hand.

COL.

May be so; but we can settle our pusiness much petter by ourselves. Look ye, Ma'am, I have evidence here (*pointing to the papers*) of a very plack affair. I have overheard you say that you were ill used, and I know that the puplic have been so. Let us join our heads together, as Cot's my Saviour, I mean

nothing else, you to right yourself, and I the puplic, one of whose guardians I have the honor to pe.

SHARP.

But, Sir, this is a very strange mode of procedure.

COL.

Yes, and it will pring very strange things to light. So you will consider, if you will disclose what you know, of your own free consent, or by authority, I shall pring you pefore those, who will pring your petters pefore them, were they as high as Snowdon, in hur own country.

SHARP.

What can I do in this dilemma!

COL.

Do! why do what is right, and you will find friends enough. A woman as lofely as yourself would move even a man of *flint*.

SHARP.

You are right—

AIR.

"Despair is all folly; hence melancholy!
Fortune attends me, while youth is in flow'r;
By beauty's possession, us'd with discretion,
Woman at all times hath joy in her pow'r."

COL.

Cot pless hur pretty pipe! how she warbl
Make your case known, and it will soon
the puplic's.

SHARP.

Oh, Sir, every one knows that I'm
public's.

COL.

I mean that they will take part with yo

SHARP.

Oh, they've taken part in me long since

COL.

Put, in this affair of a discovery of wha

so much concerns them to have prought to light. They will avenge you.

SHARP.

Basely deserted as I am, were I assured of friends—

COL.

Never doubt it—I shall be your friend—every pody will be your friends.

SHARP.

(Aside.) He thinks himself very keen, but I'm much mistaken if I don't more than repay his cunning with a trick of *my* trade before I've done with him.—Well, Sir, but 'tis always good to have something in hand. I must quit my house in Glyster Place, and shall be put to it to raise the wind to furnish another. As I am already deep in debt with my upholsterer, he will not be inclined to go farther, deserted as I am by my old friend, until I shall find another, who will just be kind enough, just to—to—to say—that I'm an honest woman, and that he shall be paid—that's all. *(Aside.)*—If he would but offer

to go with me, 'tis ten to one, but I show him that my name is Moll Sharp at his service.

COL.

We will see what is to be done.

Enter Servant.

SHARP.

Have you brought an answer?

SERVANT.

A note, Ma'am.

SHARP.

I'll ring if I should want you. (*Exit Servant.*) Now, Sir, this, I think, seals my doom; and, perhaps, will be an answer to your wishes. (*Opens note.*) Eh! what! Think to put me off with a song! Laugh at me! Defy me too! (*Reads.*)—

"When billows come breaking on the strand,
The rocks are deaf, and unshaken stand;
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar.
And I can stand woman's tongue, that's more.
With a twinkum, twankum, twang."

Mighty well, my fine run-a-way; thou hast robbed me of my grandeur; to see thee robbed of thine would give me the most exquisite pleasure. You shall soon find that my tongue is not quite so harmless as your sword. Come, Sir; revenge makes me wholly yours. I'll peach this very instant.

AIR.

"Thus when a good housewife sees a rat,
In her trap in the morning taken;
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for the loss of her bacon:
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, crush'd and shaken."

[*Exeunt.*

END

THE

QUINQUAGENARIAN ANNIVERSARY,

AND

A NEW BATCH OF PEERS.

"At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mixt scene display,
Of what we heard or saw, or wish'd by day:
For memory those images retains
Which passion form'd; and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run,
And *gen'rals* fight again their *battles won;*
Spectres and furies haunt the murd'rer's dreams,
Grants or *disgraces* are the *courtier's* themes;
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit's a *knight,* the *sycophant* a LORD."

STEPNEY.

Most Important Intelligence!

Sir WILLIAM CURTIS is returned!

THE *men* of *energy,* to show themselves worthy of that appellation, have run their

heads against the stone walls of Flanders, and it has been observed, that, although they have been stupified with the blow, their previous stupidity could receive little or no addition. *Lord Chatham*, of whom *Pitt* could make no more than he found him, pulled up his stockings, gartered his breeches'-knees, and was metamorphosed (by one of Mr. Perceval's *fictions* of law, we suppose) into a *man of energy*, capable of a most extraordinary *coup de main;* but, unfortunately for his jobmasters, he fell into his old drowsy fit, slumbered till eleven A. M. (although that fact may not appear in the log-book), came back without his errand, and has been permitted to slumber ever since. We may, perhaps, have another *Inquiry*, but still he may

> "—— snore secure till morn; his senses bound,
> In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd."
>
> DRYDEN.

Every thing may be purchased at too dear a rate, and a wise man will always calculate the proposed advantage, which, if not like to

produce an adequate return, he will prudently forego. Now the utmost advantage which could be proposed to the *men of energy*, after the last defeat of the Archduke Charles, was to destroy a few ships of war in the Scheldt, which were otherwise peaceably rotting there, and not worth half a *million* of *money*, although our expedition is supposed to have cost us above *six millions*, besides the more valuable blood of a brave army. Flushing, if it were at all tenable, could not have been held, unless provisioned at an immense expence from this country, and the annoyance which it might have occasioned to this country, was of very little importance compared with its charge, as the siege has proved that we might have captured it any time. It may be said that the expedition was prepared, and the expence should not be thrown away: It were better so, however, than to sacrifice so much valuable blood, and expose ourselves anew to the ridicule of the world. But would it not have been best to have sent it to Spain, where Sir Arthur Wellesley (we beg his

pardon, *Lord Wellington*) has been able to fight his way, and with such an addition would have probably marched through Spain, before the French armies in that country could have been reinforced? Instead of *one victorious army*, we have now *two discomfited and discouraged ones*, not through the prowess of the enemy, but the stupidity of our own ministers and generals. It would be a paradox, that the *men of energy* should have confided their most brilliant attempt, an attempt on which rested their whole hopes of continuing in the *receipt of custom*, to a general, who, we have heard humorously observed, loses one hour on his getting out of bed, and all the rest of the day in looking after it, were it not notorious that *kissing goes by favour*. Let us now draw the balance of account of our expeditions.—We have expended about *twelve millions* of money, and *twenty thousand lives* through war, disease, famine, and want of care of the wounded, and we have one baronet created a peer, (*Lord Wellington*) and another to be,

perhaps, created a peer, (*Viscount Biscuit*). On his elevation, we would recommend to Sir William Curtis the following motto to his arms:—"*Better be dam'd than not noticed.*" The worthy baronet could find no opportunity of procuring notoriety in the Scheldt, and so he returned, in doing which, he displayed much more wisdom than in going out. *Great geniuses*, however, can never be long kept in the back ground, and Sir William's barber, who was losing much of his importance with the baronet, reinstated himself by a lucky thought, that the *fiftieth* year of the present reign was on the point of commencing, and that if Sir William could but plaister up majesty with the mortar of flattery, he might get himself built into the wall amongst the brick-bats and rubbish of nobility. "A word to the *wise* is sufficient," and Sir William and his barber both resume their confidence; but the baronet's again yields to the superiority of the barber's genius. The former prepares a speech, which the baronet undertakes to get by heart—"*speedy*

and soon," and actually delivers it, with not more than the *usual proportion of blunders.*

" Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide."

POPE.

We have before remarked that whenever ministers have committed some egregious blunder, they resort to some *Bottle Conjuror, Mary Canning, Cock Lane Ghost,* or other pantomimic state-trick to take off the public attention from themselves. Ministers were just now in that very predicament, when Sir William Curtis's barber and himself, blundered upon a *pretty pageant to astound the herd of fools,* and conceal the *quackery of state empyrics.*

" Fools only are the knaves, and live by tricks,
Wise men may thrive without them, and be honest."

SOUTHERN.

Sir William Curtis has found out that the present reign was exceeded by none in the English Annals, except that of Henry V. which we all know to have been a most ruinous one to his kingdom. He has, therefore, pitched upon his head, instead of his heels in his example, which was a most unfortunate one. He, however, tells us of the battles of Maida, Aboukir, Alexandria, and Camperdown, but he has totally omitted the affairs of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, Norfolk, Dunkirk, the Helder, Ferrol, Buenos Ayres, and even of Antwerp, although he himself was an eye-witness of the latter failure, and has more *gossip* than any *goody* in the kingdom. This may well be styled the *Age of Reason*, since the commonalty daily gets wiser, by the transplanting of fools amongst the nobility. We do not see, however, why the office of *king's fool* should not be continued as well as that of *poet-laureat*, were it not, indeed, that, for some reigns past, the offices of *fool* and *poet-laureat* seem to have been concentred in the person of the latter.

Alas! England!—how is thy fate reversed—*poor in purse, and rich in fools!* We do not *feel* that we have any *congratulations* to offer upon our *present blessings*, and Russia will let us have no tallow for our illuminations; but Sir William Curtis is sure of the blessings of a bungling, desponding ministry, and of all the *tallow-chandlers, glaziers, pick-pockets, and scum of the metropolis*, whose *light-fingered* dexterity on his gala day will be exceeded only by that of our *placemen* and *reversion-mongers*.—Push on! keep moving, Sir William!—

A baronet! O fie for shame!
Pr'ythee a little higher look;
To peerage you've as good a claim,
You're *fool* enough to be a *duke*.

An income of *seventy millions* (sufficient for the good administration of all the governments on the face of the globe) is squandered away in attempts, which prove us at once the envy and ridicule of the world, and is yet found insufficient. It is rumoured that

ıe very first step intended to be taken on the ɔening of the next session of parliament, is ı *addition of five per cent to the property ıd income taxes!!!* This pleasing hint ust surely give a zest to British glee on the ɔproaching jubilee. A newspaper of Saturday st, (Daily Advertiser of September 16) obrves that every apartment of Guildhall rembled a bee-hive, there being no less than *ghty* commissions of bankruptcy, and this *heard of* spectacle in the annals of English story must undoubtedly add another whet our jubilee appetite. This is a pretty ospectus of the blessings for which we are give thanks. If his majesty would, indeed, r *once*, give his people a *real jubilee*, he ll discard incapacity with contempt, and ake those peculators and reversion-mongers sgorge part of their *un-earned* gains,

"Whose half starv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice
T' expose to salè, besides the wages
Of storing plagues to after ages."

HUDIBRAS.

But what need is there to enumerate those blessings, which every man feels at his own door, the knocker of which is incessantly plied by tax-gatherers? The prison-gates may be set open, and thousands of unfortunate debtors restored to their families and the world; but a short month will scarcely elapse before they will be as well tenanted as ever. However, if we must have a jubilee, we will, like another *Heidegger*, put in for the office of *Master of the Royal Sports*, and produce the following as a specimen of our abilities to fill that important office.

HINTS

FOR

A MASQUERADE JUBILEE,

ON A GRAND SCALE,

WITH APPROPRIATE CHARACTERS.

The P—— *of* W——,

In the guise of a chivalrous knight of romance, led by a single hair, held by an old enchantress; his plume, helmet, and other pieces of mail of a rusty black colour, as is also his shield, except a small space in the center, which bears a representation of the moon behind a cloud, with the motto—"*Resurgam.*"

Horse Guards.

D—— *of* Y——,

As *Mars*, crowned with laurel, mounted on a triumphal car, bearing the inscription—Helder, Dunkirk, and driven by

Mrs. M—A—C,

In the character of *Bellona*.

Horse Guards.

D—— *of* C——

As a *Drunken Sailor*, with his *Doxy*.

D—— *of* K——

In the character of a *Disbanded Officer*.

D—— *of* S——,

Æneas flying from Dido, and accompanied by his friend W——s, the Sheriff's Officer, as his *fidus Achates*.

SUITE OF R—Y—L

Aids-de-Camp.

Banner inscribed—

Ferrol.

General Sir JAMES P—LT—N—Y,
As *Knight of the Woeful Countenance,*
Banner inscribed—
Antwerp.

General W——EL——E,
As *Knight of the White Feather.*
Banner inscribed—
Buenos Ayres.

General L—D C—TH—M,
As *Knight of the Sleeping Lion roused,*
Leading in chains
The *Goddess of Victory.*

General Sir A——R W——Y,
(If he returns, as, if he be wise, he will with all convenient speed, if he can at all) as *Knight of the Iron Head,* bearing on his shield the motto—*Spain is the Road to Wellington.*

ARCHBISHOPS,

With *distaffs* in their hands, instead of *pastoral crooks*, and *ladies' hoods* for *mitres*.

M—Q—S W———Y,

(If he be returned from Spain, as Buonaparté will, probably, soon compel him to do) habited as a

Genoese Admiral,

seated in a galley, on wheels, drawn by horses, and manned by

The *Representatives*
of *his*
Twelve Boroughs,
chained to the oars as *galley slaves*.

CAR,

Bearing the Statue of the
Goddess of Folly.

{D—E of P—RTL—D,
L—D H—KS—B—Y,
L—D C——ER—GH,}

Habited as the *three old women justices*, and chaunting the following chorus in the pantomime of *Harlequin's Invasion*:—

"For take the world through,
And you'll find nine in ten
Old women can do
As much as old men."

PEERS,

Sustaining the characters of *May-day Chimney Sweepers*, and strutting along in all their tinsel finery.

PEERESSES,

Habited in *costume* of the *chimney-sweepers' girls* on similar occasions, and riding astride on *donkies*, driven by their most *athletic* footmen.

BISHOPS,

Bearing *petticoats* as banners tied to the end of their croziers.

PRIVY COUNSELLORS

Disguised as *Mountebank Doctors*, *Merry Andrews*, and *Tumblers*.

CH—NC—LL—R *of* EX——R,

Habited as the *Dey* of Algiers, and followed by his horde of dependants in the characters of

Mutes.

A CAR,

Bearing the Statue of *Justice* blindfolded.

JUDGES,

Seated in cars, and as fast asleep as the nonsense of the surrounding multitude of brawling barristers can set them.

POET-LAUREAT,

In the garb of the *King's Fool*, with cap, bells, &c. and *chaunting* the following Grub-street

ODE.

" —— *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*"

HORACE.

ALL hail! most happy, most auspicious day,
First of the *fiftieth* of great George's sway!
No reign with blessings e'er so teem'd,
If *taxes blessings may be deem'd.*

Soar, muse, aloft! Fame ope thy brazen throat,
To fifty years of glory tune the note!
Sing Bute's, and North's, and Portland's rule,
Whose three wits join'd would make one fool.

Sing of whole cont'nents lost, and islands won—
Of feats by P—lt—n—y, W—tel—ke, Y—k's D—e done!
Sing what great Ch—th—m did asleep,
Lost what he might, took what he could not keep.

Sing of fam'd P—rc—v—l's deep learn'd wit,
And how the May'r's and Council's nose he bit!
Sing W—ll—sl—y's prowess in campaign,
Who march'd up hill, and down again.

Sing, muse of C—st—r—gh's *productive* barters,
And Curt—s's fine dreams of stars and garters!
Of glorious expeditions sent,
Just to behold the Continent.

Sing Y—k's D—e, deeply vers'd in *ars amandi*—
Sweeting, dearest dearee, sugarcandy!
Sing his *love-lyrics*, so well writ,
With C—mb—rl—d, his uncle's wit.

Sing of our nation's plenty, ease, and riches,
Though individuals may lack of breeches;—
Of *Constitution*, firm as fate,
Though Moll Clarke govern Church and State.

Sing all those blessings on this jub'lee-day,
Britain wants nought—*for which her purse can pay!*
Let joyful *Pœans* rouse the dead,
Though soon they die again for want of bread.

Baker's Company.

SIR W——M C—RT—S,
In the character of *Don Quixote*, with his *barber's bason* on his sconce for *Mambrino's helmet*.—Motto on his shield—
Peerage boon,
Speedy, soon.

Baker's Company.

His Barber,

As *Sancho Pança*, walking by a dapple ass, to whom he offers *bisouits* out of his wallet.

L—D M——R,

Carrying a bouquet of *Flowers*.

C—MM—N C—UNC—L,

In the Asiatic costume, as the '*Wise Men of the East*,' bearing *night-pans* as censers, and burning what modesty may not name, for incense.

An enormous Turtle

On a Car, followed by

The Company of Cooks,

All the rest of

The City Companies,

Except the *Tallow Chandlers* and *Glaziers*, who will be busy at home in instructing their apprentices in *loyalty*, and *other tricks of trade*.

A hireling mob, and pick-pockets as usual.

Streets to be lined by Horse Guards, Police Officers, Constables.

A hireling mob, and pick-pockets as usual.

Windows
to be lined with
Gaping Fools
of all descriptions.

AT NIGHT

A General Illumination

May be crammed down the people's throats by the hireling mob of a desponding m-n-st-y, and the *apprentices of tallow-chandlers* and *glaziers*, who will be very industrious in *making for the good of trade* by breaking the windows of those houses not bearing some *rush-light* tokens of *loyalty*, and committing other riotous acts of depredation.

N. B.—A few fires may happen to break out accidentally; which, if well grouped, will add inexpressibly to the grandeur of the *tout ensemble* of the scene, as the *Fire Companies*, not to be behind hand in loyalty with other associations, will treat their men, who

will get too *gloriously drunk*, in honor of the *glorious day*, to stop the beauties of any *glorious conflagration whatever*.

The *National Theatre* (at only double prices) to present the public with the comedy of

Who's the Dupe?

With the Pantomime of

Mother Goose,

In which Madame Catalani may take leave of the British Theatre in Doctor Arbuthnot's humorous parody on Pope's song, written for *Durastanti* on a similar occasion:

"Puppies, whom I now am leaving,
Merry sometimes, always mad,
Who lavish most when debts are craving,
On fools, and farce, and masquerade!
Who would not from such bubbles run,
And leave such blessings for the sun?
Happy soil, and simple crew!
Let old sharpers yield to new!

All your tastes be still refining,
All your nonsense still more shining:
Blest in some *Berenstad* or *Boschi*,
He more awkward, he more husky;
And never want, when these are lost t'us,
Another Heidegger and Faustus.
Happy soil, and simple crew!
Let old sharpers yield to new!
Bubbles all, adieu, adieu!"

THE END.

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